

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

No. 39.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1824.

VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth always, by action dressed.—GRAY.

### ALLAVERDI THE ROBBER.

In a city of Irak dwelt Allaverdi, who, little fulfilling the hopes of his namegiver, or verifying the propriety of his appellation (God-sent,) seemed a true emissary of the demon, sent into the world for the torment of his poor, fond, widowed mother, and the annoyance of the whole neighbourhood. A wayward, headstrong boy, scarcely ever contradicted at home, he soon assumed a tone of authority abroad unbecoming his years and situation, which involved him in perpetual disputes and quarrels with his juvenile companions, and excluded him from mingling in their childish sports. Despising the monotonous quiet of his mother's house, he daily frequented it less; and, although only just of age to leave the women's apartments for the society of men, he spent most part of his time loitering about the bazaars and caravanserais, where he picked up a few pieces of money, by executing little commissions for merchants or travellers. His mother, always delighted to see him return home, seldom inquired how he obtained possession of various little articles of dress, which from time to time he produced; till one day he appeared with a new Kirmanshah shawl round his waist—too material an acquisition to be overlooked, and requiring some explanation; this, however, the son endeavoured to avoid by the most concise replies, and, during the interrogation, even let fall a hint, that it became women mightily to refrain from all interference in the affairs of men (he was then thirteen); adding that, as far as he could understand, indiscreet curiosity was the principal failing of the female sex. The old woman was for a moment thunderstruck; but recovering her wits as quickly as she lost her patience, she snatched up the ass's bridle, and bestowed a few hearty stripes with it on the back of her aspiring son. The contest ended without any explanation, by her accepting of the shawl as a present, and believing, on his own repeated assertion, that her darling boy was a clever, active, industrious youth of great promise. He continued this loose desultory kind of life for a few years subsequent to the preceding scene, seldom returning home without some addition to his stores, often received as recompense for his labour from the merchants he served, and not unfrequently purloined from the packages which he was engaged to cord. A few discoveries of this latter practice, with the chastisement that followed, gave rather too great notoriety to his name and character among his usual employers in the caravanserais; the day was often passed in idleness without profit; but as he had accumulated a tolerable supply of money and goods, and had his mother's house for home, this gave him little concern.

Allaverdi was now more frequently seen in his own quarter of the town, generally with a hawk upon his hand, in company with the falconer of a neigh-

bouring Khan, by whose advice and example he treated his bird. Flying carrier-pigeons was another of his favourite occupations, noticed with considerable inquietude by several of his married neighbours, and became the subject of most serious though unavailing complaints to his mother, who no longer retained the slightest control over his actions. When thus engaged on the terraced roof of the house with his pigeons, the usual and welcome accident of the younger ones straying and sitting upon the roofs of other houses would occur; he then saw himself constrained, as it were, to clamber over the walls and roofs of his neighbours, and could not avoid catching a glimpse of their unveiled wives and daughters occupied in the court yards of their own apartments.

One day, whilst exercising his pigeons, they took flight, but returned no more: he whistled, and chirruped, and cooed, but all in vain; the insubordinate favourites were too busily occupied in devouring some Indian corn, which had been laid out in the sun previous to cleaning; and turned a deaf ear, as indeed he hoped they would, to all his allurements. Nimble scrambling over all obstacles, Allaverdi soon reached the spot where his fugitives were continuing their depredations. He had scarce reclaimed them, when he perceived that the sound of his voice had attracted the attention of others besides his pigeons, a very pretty young female face just peeped above the parapet wall, and disappeared. Allaverdi, immediately commencing his usual mode of approach and attack, crept towards the edge of the roof to reconnoitre the court below, and was delighted to behold the lovely fair one alone, steadfastly gazing on the very spot where he stood. He could not inquire after his birds, having them already in his possession; but some apology for his sudden appearance and intrusion was absolutely necessary; and he commenced one in his best style of eloquence, sprinkling here and there a few Arabic verses, which neither he nor his hearer understood; but as the Mirza from whom they were learned had employed them in similar circumstances, he judged them appropriate.

During his harangue, which was most favourably received, he had full time to contemplate and admire the person to whom it was addressed: she was of the middle size, and young; her jetty hair, neatly braided, streamed in numerous small plaits down her back and over her shoulders; in front, two large curls only were visible, from beneath the turban, waving on each side of her face, and adding increased brilliancy to her highly rouged complexion; her eyelashes, and the borders of her eyelids, shone with the blackest hue that powdered antimony could communicate; a gentle shading of the same sable tint extended over the upper part of her cheek, under her eye, and formed a most pleasing contrast to her orange-stained nails and fingers, which she displayed in the manner of a fan or pensive screen: her mouth, as she smiled, might be compared to a coral box, half open, to disclose the treasure of pearl within: a short coat, or tunic, of faded green velvet, with a tarnished gold binding, fastened round the waist by a belt and ponderous silver clasps, but open at the bosom to display

the red silk chemise buttoning close round her throat, only partially concealed her diagonally striped cotton trousers, which, with short stockings wrought in a curious pattern, and green slippers, completed the essential part of her dress. In addition, she wore across her forehead a string of large gold coins, and a rich necklace, and bracelets of Dutch ducats.

Allaverdi was fascinated to the spot, nor thought of quitting it, till the young beauty completed her conquest over his heart and eyes, by expressing to his ears, in dulcet accents, her fears for his safety, if he attempted retracing his airy path over the house-tops, embarrassed as he then was by his pigeons; she finally, in the sweetest terms imaginable, begged him to descend the step ladder into her court, and return by the safer road through the streets. Lost in amazement at the condescension of this perfection of excellence, as he gallantly termed her, Allaverdi obeyed, and descended the ladder. They now stood together on the same pavement; but scarcely had his foot touched the ground, when the sudden recollection of his critical situation, and what consequences might ensue if detected by the men of the family, dispelled the charm, and left him impressed only with the sense of his danger. Marie (so the youthful beauty was called) perceived his embarrassment, and hastened to calm his fears, by exclaiming that she was a lone woman, mistress of her own house, and an Armenian, as her dress might indicate; her husband was an English corporal, who had come into the country with the ambassador, and had since died in India, leaving her a poor widow, which her dress and appearance by no means confirmed, to struggle with the busy world. Allaverdi, once more reassured, resumed his strain of compliments, and, following his engaging hostess into the house, quaffed, with a prayer for her happiness, the copious goblet of wine which she pressed on his acceptance. On continuing the conversation, it appeared that his mother's aunt had been on terms of most friendly intercourse with her grandmother, although of different religions. In order to renew this intimate family connexion, the blooming Marie invited her accidental guest to return and partake of their evening repast, when her brother, she could affirm, would be most happy to receive him, in remembrance of their dear departed grandmother. It required no great power of persuasion to induce Allaverdi, always disposed for a frolic, to accept of the proffered invitation. They then separated, under the promise of soon meeting again.

Never had a week appeared to Allaverdi of equal duration with the remainder of this day. At length the sun set, the evening prayer called, and objects, but little distant, were already rapidly disappearing in the gloom of the fast approaching darkness; when he once more bent his steps towards the habitation of the hospitable Marie. On entering, he found the hostess engaged in deep conversation with her brother, who, to his surprise, bore rather the appearance of a middle aged Court, than of an Armenian, the brother of so youthful a sister. He was well received, however, by both, and was seated in the place of honour,

beside three or four more guests, daring looking young fellows, who quaffed their whet of arrock before dinner with the assurance of Christians, though their gay dress, and the rich daggers which shone in their girdles, declared them Musselmans. Allaverdi, by no means a scrupulous observer of the Koran precepts of abstinence, willingly imitated the exhilarating example of jovial associates; he accepted the cup of the forbidden liquor when offered; he listened with pleasure to the glowing descriptions of their feasts in cities, and their adventurous exploits in the mountains, all terminating with one general conclusion,—immense gain and advantage to themselves; and he sighed to think that his own prowess had hitherto been confined within the narrow precincts of the town, and his profits to the paltry acquisition of a few baubles, which his present companions assured him would scarcely be accepted by one of their servants as pay for a single excursion. They commended his manly looks and athletic figure; they praised the acuteness of his remarks, the brilliancy of his replies, the ingenuity of his anecdotes,—till he himself felt astonished that so many rare perfections of body and mind had hitherto remained unnoticed; above all, they rivalled each other in expressing their admiration of his aspiring genius, and their prayers that one day he might shine a distinguished character among them in the black tents. He was about to ask some explanation, when dinner was served, and put a stop to his inquiries. He had never witnessed a similar repast: the profusion, the excellence of the various dishes, he believed could only be equalled in the Prince's kitchen. The delicious flavour of the pillau, the delicacy of the sherbet, and the mellow richness of the wine, as Marie, blooming as a Houris of Paradise, presented him the cup, seemed too much for mortal enjoyment; and he could with difficulty persuade himself that the scene was actually real, and not the delusion of a pleasing dream. After dinner, a beautiful kaleoon was placed by him; from its tube he inhaled the fragrant vapour of the finest Shiraz tobacco, tempered to a grateful freshness by passing through cool rose water. Thus occupied, he remained lost in a most pleasing reverie, till attracted by the sound of the Gourka, and the entrance of a dancing boy from the inner room, moving in slow cadence as he gracefully waved his long flowing hair around his shoulders. Allaverdi, testified his delight by repeated exclamations of admiration and applause, during this exhibition, which he conceived inimitable; when Marie, suddenly snatching up a small tambourine, and throwing herself into a most alluring attitude, stood smiling before him, beating a continued roll upon the instrument to engage his attention. She then performed a dance, composed of a variety of gestures, but scarcely moving from the spot where she commenced: at the conclusion, dexterously balancing the whirling tambourine on one hand, and gracefully waving the other in gentle adieu to her guests, she vanished into the inner apartment.

Allaverdi forgot the company; the feast, the dancing boy, all disappeared; his breath came thick and short, his heart beat quick, tears filled his eyes, whilst ecstatic rapture swelled his breast, and



vainly sought articulate utterance in speech. How long he might have remained thus transported is uncertain, as he was roused by the Courd brother offering him a cup of wine, in honour of his sister's performance: most devoutly was it received by the fascinated youth. The rest of the party sitting themselves down to play at draughts, the brother and Allaverdi remained alone, and occupied the time in mutual explanations as to their actual situation and future views in life: during these communications the visitor learned that Marie regarded him with eyes of partiality, but that she would never receive a man into favour who did not draw the sword and wield the spear: he was further informed that the brother, in common with several other worshippers of pleasure, despised servitude, commerce, and all other servile tedious methods of acquiring wealth; and preferred the more expeditious, though more precarious method, of obtaining it in the mountain passes with spear and pistol; that their young friend had long been remarked among them as a bold enterprising spirit, unsubservient to the trammels of ordinary characters; and finally, if he would join them, that he was master of a horse, arms, and ammunition. No proposal could be more congenial to the feelings of Allaverdi, daring, active, unprincipled, and luxurious by nature, he saw himself placed in a situation to gratify all his desires; he willingly promised, in the most solemn manner, good faith to the community, and devotion to its service: he was then formally introduced to his other associates then present, as a new member of their brotherhood. The wine flowed plentifully in celebration of this event, and a cordial interchange of mutual fidelity cemented the bond between them. Marie reappeared, smiling applause at the transaction, and with her syren voice in song contributed to increase the general hilarity of the assembly. The players again drew near the draught board, when Allaverdi for the first time with astonishment observed (so occupied had he been with his own affairs) the heaps of silver which formed their stake. Every thing around appeared enchantment; wealth, beauty, all the enjoyments of this world, beyond what his fondest fancy had ever portrayed, were at once displayed before him and offered to his acceptance. The party separated at a late hour, after due arrangements where and when to meet the following day, to prepare for the first expedition of their new brother.

From this day the appearance of Allaverdi improved rapidly, without any one being able to assign the cause: he was more indifferent to occupation, when offered to him, than ever; spending his time in town almost exclusively with his hawks, pigeons, and greyhounds, which he now also possessed. A handsome dagger decorated his girdle, supported by a brace of silver mounted pistols, when he rode abroad, or retired to some garden in the suburbs to enjoy the amusement of shooting at a mark. The horse, which first entered his stable as belonging to a friend, and only lent to him for a time, he soon called his own, and paid in fair pieces of gold for the ornamental saddle with embroidered housing that graced its back. He was now frequently absent two or three days at a time: where he went no one knew: when questioned by his mother, his constant reply was "To the chase." She was surprised that her son should so indefatigably return to this chase, which invariably proved unproductive; for during the two years that he had spent some days, every week, sometimes the entire week, in this pursuit, she had only seen him bring home three quails and a desert partridge. Still his ardour was unabated, notwithstanding this poor success, and the untoward accidents which occasionally befell him: his musket was once

discharged by a sudden jerk of the horse, and inflicted a very severe wound in his leg, which the old lady, on inspection (for she was something of a doctress) would have decidedly pronounced a bullet wound, had she not been aware that shot only was used in killing birds. Another time he returned with a deep gash upon his head, bearing every appearance of a sabre wound, which was occasioned, she was informed, by a sharp splinter of rock falling from the summit of a precipice upon him, as he watched the dogs from the ravine below.

A report was now generally circulated that the neighbouring district was infested by a daring band of plunderers few in number, but desperate in their attacks on travellers of all descriptions when not united in large bodies. Numerous complaints, in consequence, poured in from all the adjacent country to the ministers: they were heard for some time with coolness and indifference; till at length a few liberal presents, judiciously distributed, procured an order for four hundred horsemen to proceed in pursuit of the offenders. During the preparation, absence, and researches of these troops, Allaverdi's passion for the chase totally subsided; he never mounted his horse but to exercise him, or quitted the town beyond the limits of a very moderate ride. The Defta, that general rendezvous for men of all ranks and conditions, became his favourite resort; news of every kind was there first reported, commented on, and from thence dispersed through the city. The most interesting themes of conversation, at present, were the fearful exploits and horrid barbarities practised by the notorious followers of Abdullah, the reputed chief of the banditti, to extort confession from travellers where their treasures were secreted.

One day, after suffering for some time in silence a martyrdom, by listening to maliciously exaggerated misrepresentations, which he dared not contradict, though well acquainted with the minutest circumstance of the transaction—having been indeed himself the leader of the enterprise,—he arose and quitted the society; fearing, that indignation at the reiterated prayers for the capture, destruction, and death of the whole troop, might subdue his better judgment, and, by a rash exposure of his anxiety for their welfare, his knowledge of their transactions, and resentment against their enemies, might betray his intimate connexion with the outlaws, and involve him in ruin, which prudent silence might in all probability avert. As he slowly traversed the great Maidoon, he was overtaken by the old Mullah, Hadji Ismael, then on his way to the adjoining mosque to call mid-day prayers; after mutual salutations, the Mullah invited him to ascend the mosque, if not better engaged, extolling the beauty of the general prospect, and above all the dark groves of the gardens of the Prince's Harem which it partly overlooked. The old Hadji was well acquainted with the various windings and intricacies of the Harem, having seen it built; and delighted to communicate his knowledge somewhat diffusely to others, as his present auditor rather impatiently experienced. "There," he continued, "there is the casket which contains the choicest jewel of our lord and master, the fairest blossom of his blooming parterre, the pillar round which twine the glowing wreaths of his affections, the all-excelling Fetmah." Allaverdi immediately turned his eyes towards this most unpromising husk which concealed so rich a fruit. It was at no great distance, and connected even with the building on which they stood, by the wall surrounding its court-yard, and the roofs of some inferior houses. At this instant, the recollection of his first meeting with Marie flashed across his mind, and was hailed by him as an omen of success in some approaching adventure in

which a lady and himself would be concerned. Hadji Ismael, too much occupied with the charms of his own descriptive powers, noticed not the abstraction of his hearer; but pursued his minute survey with an accuracy that scarcely left a single portion of roof, beneath which an old woman could spread her bed, without assigning the express purpose of the spot it covered. Both parties remained thus absorbed in themselves, till a sudden exclamation from the Hadji, of "Am I not a beast?" catching the ear of Allaverdi, excited a smile, and directed his eyes to the wreaths of roses partially appearing above the walls of Fetmah's apartments, as the poles which supported them were moved about by those below. "Am I not a beast," he went on, "to forget the festival of to-morrow, when the Prince will appear in all his glorious apparel, and not to present to your mind some image of the splendour which your young eyes have never beheld? See! they are already preparing the chamber of the queen of beauty, for the joyful solemnity of the coming morn; where the son of the king will condescend to enter, and taste of the collation prepared by the hands of his lovely and loving handmaids, and adorn himself with the glowing jewels intrusted only to the hands of the favourite Fetmah, previous to his public appearance. This evening will the banquet be spread in the great hall yonder, in readiness for the earliest dawn. The rose of the Harem, surrounded with all the radiant treasures of her lord, reposes this night beneath the roof, just behind that wall which advances towards us, and prevents our seeing the entrance of her apartments: there are but the stairs to the terrace between it and the corner. What a transcendent spectacle will there be presented to the enraptured eyes of her happy attendants! the fairest of celestial beauties reposing amidst the most gorgeous of worldly treasures!"

A confused idea of a desperate act occurred, and rapidly developed itself in the mind of Allaverdi: no longer absent or distracted, he frequently and minutely inquired as to the localities of the Harem, with an earnestness that captivated his informer, little accustomed to see his communications excite such lively interest. They at length subsided; and Allaverdi, thanking his babbling garrulous companion for the agreeable moments he had lately passed and asserting that darkness was fast falling, and that day would not again dawn for him till illumined by the light of his friend's presence, wandered slowly through the cemetery towards the gardens, to meditate in solitude, and maturely digest the plan of his projected enterprise.

The sun had already set, when Allaverdi retraced his steps to the city: he entered the gate, and pursued his way through the narrow intricate lanes till he reached the mosque; with a beating heart, but determined resolution, he approached the door; it was open; he hesitated a moment, cast a keen eye of observation around, to ascertain that he was unseen, and disappeared in the gloom of the tortuous passage. He would willingly have secured the door; but no fastenings presented themselves to his touch, as he carefully passed his hands over every part where bolt or bar was likely to be found. Unable to secure himself from surprise, he determined to trust to fortune for safety. He once more stood, rapt in deep meditation, on the terrace of the mosque, anxiously recalling to his mind every word of the loquacious old Mullah, and endeavouring to retrace, by his description, the exact spot where the steps descended leading to Fetmah's apartments; till the sudden recollection, that the clear bright light of the moon, now riding high in the sky, which enabled him so distinctly to pursue his researches, might also render him an object of observation to

others; he immediately laid flat down, to await the descent of the unfriendly planet. The reviving freshness and soothing influence of a Persian evening failed that night to cool the fevered brain, or tranquillize the contending passions which agitated the bosom of the adventurer: the soft breeze from the mountains, fragrant with the odours of their aromatic spring productions, swept unheeded by. In vain the nightingale poured forth her sweetest notes; rendered still softer by the distance from whence the little warbler ventured to offer his melodious tributes; whilst the clear rich blue of the cloudless sky, spangled with myriads of glowing stars, shed over the whole scene, distinctly visible as in day, the rich solemn tint peculiar to an eastern night; all was indifferent to him, all unnoticed, as he impatiently turned from side to side, or steadfastly gazed with vacant intensity on the descending moon; she was now fast approaching the undulating line of mountains which bounded the horizon; now she stood for a moment poised, upon the loftiest summit; then, throwing around her parting glance in a strong flood of silvery splendour, she majestically disappeared, leaving the whole scene enveloped in comparative darkness.

Allaverdi raised himself from his reclining attitude; then cautiously advancing towards the edge of the terrace, he firmly grasped the parapet, and lowered himself down upon the adjoining wall, and hastily resumed his recumbent position. In this manner, passing from roof to roof, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, watching from behind the shelter of a projecting corner the retreating light of some late reveller springing forward, pausing, gliding with the utmost speed over the most exposed spots, he reached in safety the roof of the youthful Fetmah. He sat down for an instant to recover his strength, exhausted by exertion and agitation; he listened to catch the faintest sound, but none met his ear; the stillest silence announced that the inmates of the dwelling (fatigued probably by the preparations of the preceding day) lay buried in sleep. Suddenly he started on his feet, appalled by a near noise, his heart throbbed, he sought his pistols, when he perceived that his alarm was occasioned by one of them having, in the confusion of the moment, escaped from his girdle, and now hung suspended by its cord to his side; almost ashamed of his fears, he replaced it. He advanced towards the door, indicated by the Mullah as the entrance of the descent; it yielded to his touch; with one foot across the threshold, he stood leaning over the dark abyss, his eye and ear intent on the still obscurity below. Impelled by the courage of desperation, he rushed with heedless precipitancy down the dark stairs; all remained tranquil, undisturbed by his steps; he grasped his dagger firm, and advanced towards a light which gleamed through the crevices of an unclosed door; he hesitated a moment, then gently withdrawing the parda: sufficiently to disclose a view of the interior chamber, by the assistance of a lamp which burnt in the chimney, he discovered a small room gaily painted and gilded; the richest carpets clothed the floor, wreaths of roses decorated the walls, and formed a kind of bower over a bed, decked with the choicest produce of the looms of Cashmeer, light draperies of the most transparent gauze waved in airy folds before the niches in the walls, without concealing their recesses, glittering with silver vases, intermixed with packets of clothes, carefully enveloped in embroidered handkerchiefs, and pieces of gold and silver tissue. The general air of luxury, and the splendour of the surrounding objects, encouraged the intruder to hope that he stood in the chamber of the favourite, which hope was nearly confirmed to a certainty by the shawl, tur-



ban, and various costly articles of female attire, that lay negligently dispersed on the floor. Desirous of fully ascertaining by whom the bed was occupied, he cautiously ventured forward, till, assured by the gentle regular breathing of the sleeper that his entrance was unnoticed, he approached near. The extreme beauty of the youthful countenance which there met his eye, announced decidedly the presence of the favoured Fetmah; the boasted jewels then must also be near. The silver vessels allured him to inspect the niches, he examined them all; each vase, ewer and basin, containing essences and perfumes for burning, were separately inspected and replaced with disgust; each bundle was unfolded but to increase the disappointment.

His search proving vain, he turned to quit the hall, when stopping short, he continued: "Hold, friend Allaverdi, though thou wearest not the jewels of the Prince, thou mayest feed at his board; the proudest noble cannot say so much:" thus speaking, he approached niches where the dishes were deposited, and selecting the choicest morsels, devoured them with unconscious voracity; he then quitted the hall; all remained in the first chamber as he had left it. Replacing the lamp on the floor, he stood for an instant irresolute, half tempted to desert the lofty flight of the eagle for the humbler course of the vulture, and accept what fortune offered. A low murmur from the bed shot like an icy arrow through his frame; he listened in breathless eagerness; the soft voice of Fetmah was again heard in inarticulate whisperings; he unsheathed his dagger, and rushed towards her; "One of us must die," he muttered; "perhaps both may: she must not awake." A smile played over the lovely features of the sleeping girl; her lips still moved as if yet speaking, but no audible sound escaped them. Allaverdi gazed on her, his heart swelling with the bitter certainty that similar repose could never again be his. The motion of her lips increased, whilst a glow of brighter animation lighted up her countenance. "Nay, hold," she softly exclaimed; "hold, good Rose, remove that bowl; thou forgettest 'tis the sherbet of pomegranates which is grateful to the son of the king." At the first word she uttered the hand of Allaverdi dropped lifeless by his side; and, as he unconsciously averted his eyes from her, a glittering object arrested them; he seized it and rudely dragged from beneath the pillow a small bunch of keys and a seal, attached together by cords of plaited silk and gold. The movement passed unnoticed by Fetmah, whose slumbers now continued calm and undisturbed. These keys evidently secured the jewels; for it was the Prince's seal that hung suspended among them. Allaverdi, trembling with anxiety and hope, once more looked around the chamber, in search of the corresponding lock. The altered situation of the lamp now disclosed to his view two coffers of considerable size; he applied a key to the lock of one of them, it turned, he raised the lid, and the magnificent armlets of the prince lay before him. With incredible haste he collected the contents of the coffer into a large handkerchief, and without daring to cast a look behind, or even thinking of the remainder of the treasure, fled from the spot with all the terrors of conscious guilt.

Once within his court-yard his fears in some measure subsided; that no one had seen him from his going out till his return, he felt assured; his mother even believed him now asleep in his chamber; apprehension yielded to hope that all must end well. He dug a deep hole in the little garden before his own window, deposited his prize in it, and resolved to commence digging over the whole space

the following day, to conceal the partial operation of the preceding night. He then retired to his bed, till the first rays of dawn should call him to his work in the garden. At an early hour in the morning the whole town was in alarm from the report of the robbery. The women of the Harem were questioned, some imprisoned, and severely punished as confederates in the inexplicable deed. The favourite Fetmah herself escaped not suspicion, and even received severe chastisement for negligence, if not for guilt. As usual, in all doubtful cases, the Christians were accused; without the slightest grounds for suspicion, many were arrested, bastinadoed, and tortured to extort confession of an action of which they were innocent; some suffered death in consequence of self accusation. It was remarked, however, that, notwithstanding the numerous asserted confessions, and the increased odium thrown upon the sect of the sufferers, none of the jewels were recovered. Allaverdi dared not trust himself in public for several days, lest the agitation, which, in spite of himself, occasionally shook him, might betray his secret. He dug his garden, walked abroad in the most retired spots, and complained of indisposition to those who remarked his absence from the Defta; finally he resumed his place as usual in society.

Some months after this adventure he announced his determination to commence merchant, and busily prepared for his first journey to foreign parts. Unwilling to risk the whole of his treasure at once, he selected only a few jewels of considerable value, and secreted the remainder in a deep excavation, under the floor of his own chamber, which he had prepared for that purpose; he then departed, recommending to his mother the care of their affairs during his absence, and, above all things, exhorted her never to exchange their poor old house for another.

Years passed away, yet Allaverdi returned not; at an advanced age his mother had quitted this world; her house had been sold by her surviving relatives, and the existence of her son (seldom referred to by those who must inherit his property, in case of his never again appearing) was almost forgotten in the city, when a stranger, of poor appearance, pompously announced himself as the discoverer of that long sought secret, the philosopher's stone. He voluntarily offered to effect the transmutation in the presence of witnesses, and actually did perform his promise, changing a small crucible, of quicksilver into a small portion of gold. The fame of this wonderful alchemist spread through the whole city, and occupied every tongue, till it at length reached the ears of the Prince. The professor was ordered to attend, and to exhibit his powers before the Prince himself on a certain day and hour. Proposals were continually offered for the purchase of this invaluable discovery by all classes of people, from the highest to the lowest: all publicly received one general answer, "That it was worthily reserved for the Prince alone; but, privately, the communication of the secret accommodated itself to the price of every bidder, and each one returned home, believing himself possessed of an imperial treasure. The day fixed for the grand experiment arrived; the apparatus was conveyed to the chamber appointed, and the operation commenced with every precaution to prevent fraud. The Prince, attended by chiefs of the silver and copper-smiths, and a few favoured courtiers, was present. The quicksilver was first examined, then placed on the furnace; as soon as it boiled, the operator threw in several ingredients separately, submitting the whole to the careful inspection of the Prince and his followers; lastly,

he poured in a few drops of a small phial, which he produced from a curious case; a thick white vapour arose, diffusing through the chamber an odour so strong and pungent as to oblige the surrounding spectators to withdraw to some distance. The operator then approached the furnace, declaring the transmutation to be now completed, and removed the crucible, originally containing the quicksilver, from the fire; a light spongy black cinder apparently filled it, but on removing the exterior surface, a button of gold was found below, weighing more than one third of the mercury employed. No doubt remained on the minds of all present as to the accuracy of the experiment, and the entire success attending the result. The Prince impatiently demanded the price of this inexhaustible mine of wealth. The Professor humbly remarked that any sum that could be given was but as the dust under the feet of him who already possessed the secret; he required no recompense, except the glory of standing in the presence of the king's son, and enjoying the smiles of his favour: he only asked a house wherein to conduct his operations, and unfold the mysteries of the golden science to the pupils appointed for initiation. He had already discovered a small empty house, he said, which pleased him, and would precisely suit his purpose, if the Prince would condescend to grant an order for his occupying it. The order was immediately written, and sealed with the royal signet. The Prince, after the warmest assurances of his gratitude and protection for ever, dismissed the assembly, and commanded some of his servants to accompany the Professor, and put him in possession of the house designated in the order, which was precisely the old dwelling of the long unheard-of Allaverdi; his baggage soon followed him, and he was left for the remainder of the day to make the necessary arrangements previous to commencing his operations on a larger scale.

How did the heart of Allaverdi (for it was he) beat as he closed the door of the court-yard, and found himself once more alone in his own chamber, which had not undergone the slightest alteration during his absence! He determined that night to dig up his jewels, and to leave the town with them on the morrow, under pretence of collecting the herbs and simples requisite, as it was believed, for the composition of the elixir of transmutation. He was eating his solitary evening meal, when a violent clamour at the door of the house alarmed him; loud cries and imprecations on the impostor confirmed the worst fears that some of his plans had miscarried. In an instant, the chamber was filled with armed men, who, in the name of the governor, seized and bound the deluding adventurer. The accusations against him were numerous and well-founded; some of his private disciples, neglecting his strict injunctions of four days' delay, and impatient to prove by their own experience the efficacy of their dearly acquired knowledge, had repeated the experiment without success. Enraged at their actual loss, and the disappointment of their golden hopes, they hastened to carry their complaints to the governor, where they met many of their acquaintances engaged in a similar errand; mutual explanations ensued, and the outcry against the impudent impostor became general; an order for his arrest was, in consequence, soon obtained. When led before the governor he refused to answer his accusers, declaring that through envy only they sought to ruin him, a stranger, in the eyes of the Prince; that he never had communicated the secret to any of them for money, and insisted upon being taken before the Prince, when he would again prove, by ocular demonstration, that he was not the impostor which they would represent

him. As none of the complaints could produce a second witness to any of the alleged facts, the governor, ten pieces of gold in his lap, during the examination and short explanation of the accused, complied with his request; he was confined for the night, and the next day was conducted to the same chamber where he had performed his first essay. The Prince, curious to behold a second time the promising miracle, soon arrived, and commanded the proof experiment to proceed. The professor boldly advanced, approached the furnace with all confidence, but suddenly stopping, felt anxiously in his pockets, faltered, and became confused and agitated; in fact, the paper containing the powder mixed with gold dust, which formed the only essential ingredient in the composition, was no where to be found; ruin, inevitable ruin, he saw awaited him; in an agony of shame and vexation, he confessed, that he was not at the moment prepared for the experiment, having by some misfortune lost the elixir; but that on any future day he would lose his head if he made not his words good. All believed this a poor excuse only to gain time; his accusers recommenced their exclamations against him, and demanded justice for the fraud practised upon them; many even asserted, that life would not compensate for the insult offered to the person of the King's son, who seemed fast inclining to the same opinion. The indignant Prince called for the ferashes, and the rods for the bastinado. All hope seemed lost. The miserable culprit was already thrown on his back, with his ancles in the noose, attached to a long pole supported by two ferashes, in such a manner as to expose the soles of his feet to the blows of the two executioners, who stood on each side of him armed with heavy sticks; when, making a sudden effort, he turned his face towards the Prince, and cried out, "O, son of the King, hearken to the voice of truth, and let the beauty of mercy rest on thy countenance; say, hast thou not lost the richest of thy jewels? what is the recompense of him who restores them?" The Prince replied, "He who again binds the armlets on my arm, and replaces the dagger in my girdle, shall have his face made fair, although it were blackened with many crimes." "But swear," cried the criminal, "swear by thy own head, by the beard of the King thy father, and by the sacred Koran." "I swear," repeated the Prince. "Go then to the house of Allaverdi," he continued, "of him who now lies before thee, dig in the chamber to the left on entering, and ye shall find what ye seek." All stood amazed at this unexpected discovery. The Prince ordered some of his ministers and servants to go and examine the house, and others to unbind the prisoner. "If," he said, "thy words are true, mine shall be the same, and thou shalt rise high in my favour; but if they are false, thou diest." "I ask no other," submissively answered Allaverdi: he then related his adventures to the great astonishment of the whole court, and the delight of the Prince, which was much increased by the messengers returning loaded with nearly all the long lost jewels. All the faults of the accused banished in the joy of that moment; in vain his poor deluded dupes claimed restitution of their money; they themselves only became subjects of ridicule; royal favours showered upon him, which his intriguing spirit knew well how to turn to the best advantage.—Allaverdi yet lives in the enjoyment of high honours, and the possession of so much wealth, that at his death his son may reasonably expect the honour of a severe bastonading, either to relinquish the whole, or, at least, to refund a large portion of his father's ill-gotten treasure into the coffers of his most equitable protector and sovereign.



## THE TRAVELLER.

\*Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

SKETCHES OF BRITISH INDIA.  
No I.

On the afternoon of July the 10th 1818, our vessel dropped anchor in Madras roads, after a fine run of three months and ten days from the Mother-Bank.—How changed the scene! how great the contrast!—Ryde, and its little snug dwellings, with slated or thatched roofs, its neat gardens, its green and sloping shores:—Madras, and its naked port, large noble-looking buildings, tall columns, lofty verandahs, and terraced roofs; the city large, and crowded on a flat sight; a low sandy beach, and a foaming surf. The roadstead there, alive with beautiful yachts, light wharves, and tight-built fishing barks. Here, black, shapeless, Massoolah boats, with their naked crews singing the same wild, yet not unpleasing air, to which for ages the dangerous surf they fearlessly ply over has been rudely responsive. Here too all around, you see figures, or small groups of two and three, who seem to stand, walk, or sit on the water without support; for the least swell conceals their catamarans, small rafts on which they go out to fish, carry fruit, letters, or messages, to the shipping; and, indeed, will venture forth in all weathers. The imposing air of coastlines and grandeur about Madras, from the size, whiteness, and polish of the public buildings, is much diminished as you approach the landing place.

When the surf has violently lodged you high and dry on the beach, you find yourself immediately surrounded by crowds so diversified in costume, complexion, and feature; so strange are the voices of a new people, and the sounds of unknown tongues: so deafening the surge continually breaking near you, that to single out figures from such a scene, under such circumstances, is almost impossible; and you feel it quite a relief to hurry from the spot. I landed with troops in the afternoon, and marched from the beach to a station or depot thirteen miles inland. For three miles we moved along amid a curious talking crowd perpetually changing. We followed a fine broad road with avenues of trees; passed the fort; and half a mile beyond it, passed continually, for a long distance, gateways leading to large garden-houses in spacious compounds, until at length we left the signs of the precidency behind us. With the exception of a few followers in employ, or seeking it, the crowds dropped off, and we pursued our march unmolested. No,—I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich, broad-leaved plantain: the graceful drooping bamboo; the cocoa nut, with that mat-like looking binding for every branch, the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banian, with its earth-seeking and re-productive drop branches: and among them birds, all strange in plumage and in note, save the parrot—*at home*, the lady's pet bird in a gilded cage—here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream: these, and more than I can name, were the novelties we looked on. My dream of anticipation realized gave me a delight which found no expression in words. I felt grateful that I had been led and permitted to see India; I wondered at my own ignorance, and at the poverty of my imagination, when I reflected how much

the realities around me differed from what my fancy had painted them. How some things surpassed, and some fell short of my foolish expectations: and yet how natural, how easy all appeared!

It was late and dark when we reached Poornamallee; and during the latter part of our march we had heavy rain. We found no fellow-countryman to welcome us; but the mess-room was open and lighted, a table laid, and a crowd of smart, roguish-looking natives seemed waiting our arrival, to seek service. Four or five clean-looking fellows in white dresses, with red or white turbans, ear-rings of gold, or with emerald drops, and large silver signet rings on their fingers, crowded round each chair, and watched our every glance to anticipate our wishes. Curries, vegetables, and fruits, all new to us, were tasted and pronounced on; and after a meal, of which every one seemed to partake with grateful good-humour, we lay down for the night. One attendant brought a small carpet, another a mat, others again a sheet or counterpane, till all were provided with something; and thus closed our first evening in India.

The morning scene was very ludicrous. Here a barber, uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing; there, another was cracking the joints of a man half-dressed; here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing a Sahab's hands.\* In spite of my efforts to prevent them, two well-dressed men were washing my feet; and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care. There was much in all this to amuse the mind, and a great deal. I confess, to pain the heart of an Englishman.

\* *Sahab*, a gentleman, "Sir," a "Master," used by the natives of India when addressing, or speaking of their superiors.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. *BACCHUS*

## THE TURK AND THE JEW.

From the German Drama.

The immediate idea of this simple and beautiful story is undoubtedly from the Italian of Boccaccio, although probably of Eastern origin. The sketch is thus: Nathan, a Jew, renowned for his wisdom, dwells peaceably under the Asiatic government of the Sultan Saladin. Nathan is rich: but the report of Nathan's wisdom has taken more hold of Saladin's mind, than the hope of borrowing from his riches. He questions him, Which is the best faith? it is vain that Nathan answers, "Sultan, I am a Jew!"—the question is pressed upon him, and the Jew requests permission to relate a Tale.

Nathan. In days of yore there dwelt in East a man,  
Who from a valued hand receiv'd a ring  
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,  
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,  
It had the hidden virtue him to render  
Of God and man belov'd, who in this view,  
And this persuasion wore it. Was it strange  
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,  
And studiously provided to secure it  
For ever to his house. Thus he bequeath'd it:  
First, to the most beloved of his sons,  
Ordain'd that he again should leave the ring  
To the most dear among his children; and  
That without heading birth, the favourite son,  
In virtue of the ring alone, should always [tan]  
Remain the lord of the house—You hear me, Sul-  
Saladin. I understand thee—on.

Nathan. From son to son,  
At length this ring descended to a father  
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him;  
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.  
At times seem'd this, now that, at times the third,  
(Accordingly as each apart receiv'd  
The overflowings of his heart) most worthy  
To heir the ring, which, with good-natur'd weak-  
ness,  
He privately to each in turn had promised.  
This went on for awhile; but death approach'd,  
And the good father grew embarrass'd. So  
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,  
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends

in secret to a jeweller, of whom,  
Upon the model of the real ring,  
He might bespeak two others, and commanded  
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,  
Quite like, the true one. This the artist managed.  
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye  
Could not distinguish which had been the model.  
Quite overjoyed, he summons all his sons,  
Takes leaves of each apart, on each bestows  
His blessing and his ring, and dies—Thou hearest  
me?

Saladin. I hear, I hear, come finish with thy  
Is it soon ended?

Nathan. It is ended, Sultan,  
For all that follows may be guess'd of course.  
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring  
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.  
Comes question, strife, complaint—all to no end,  
For the true ring could no more be distinguish'd  
Than now—can the true faith.

Saladin. How, how, is that  
To be the answer to my query?

Nathan. No,  
But it may serve as my apology:  
If I can't venture to decide between  
Rings which the father got expressly made,  
That they might not be known from one another.

Saladin. The rings!—Don't trifle with me; I  
must think

That the religions which I nam'd can be  
Distinguish'd e'en to raiment, drink, and food.  
Nathan. And only not as to their grounds of  
proof.

Are not all built alike on history,  
Traditional or written. History  
Must be received on trust—is it not so?  
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?  
In our own people surely, in those men  
Whose blood we are,—in them, who from our  
childhood

Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceiv'd us,  
Unless 'twere wholesome to be deceiv'd.  
How can I less believe in my forefathers  
Than thou in thine. How can I ask of thee  
To own that thy forefathers falsified,  
In order to yield mine the praise of truth  
The like of christians.

Saladin. By the living God!  
The man is in the right; I must be silent.

Nathan. Now let us to our rings return once  
more:—

As said, the sons complain'd. Each to the judge  
Swore from his father's hand immediately  
To have receiv'd the ring (as was the case)  
After he had long obtain'd the father's promise  
One day to have the ring (as also was).  
The father, each asserted, could to him  
Not have been false: rather than to suspect  
Of such a father, willing as he might be  
With charity to judge his brethren, he  
Of treach'rous forgery was bold to accuse them.

Saladin. Well, and the judge—I'm eager now  
to hear

What thou wilt make say.—Go on, go on.

Nathan. The judge said, if ye summon not the  
father

Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.  
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye  
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?  
But hold—you tell me that the real ring  
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer  
Of God and man belov'd; let that decide,  
Which of you do two brothers love the best?  
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings  
Act inward only, not without? Does each  
Love but himself? Y'are all deceiv'd deceivers,  
None of your rings is true. The real ring,  
Perhaps, is gone: to hide or to supply  
Its loss, your father order'd three for one.

Saladin. O, charming, charming!

Nathan. And (the judge continued)  
If you will take advice in lieu of sentence  
This is my counsel to you, (to take up  
The matter where't stands)—If each of you  
Has had a ring presented by his father,  
Let each believe his own the real ring.

'Tis possible the father chose no longer  
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;  
And certainly as he much lov'd you all,  
And lov'd you all alike, it could not please him,  
By favouring one to be of two the oppressor.  
Let each feel honour'd by this free affection,  
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavour  
To vie with both his brothers in displaying  
The virtue of his ring; assist its might  
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,  
With inward resignation to the Godhead;  
And if the virtues of the ring continue [ren]  
To shew themselves among your children's child-  
After a thousand thousand years, appear  
Before this judgment-seat—a greater one  
Than I shall sit upon it and decide.  
So spake the modest judge.

## BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind, is man.

## MEMOIRS OF DOCTOR DENNIS.

Dr. John Dennis, the celebrated critic, was the son of a reputable tradesman in London, and born in the year 1657. He received the first branches of education at the school of Harrow on the Hill, where he commenced an acquaintance and intimacy with many young noblemen and gentlemen, who afterwards made considerable figures in public affairs, where he laid the foundation of a very strong and extensive interest which

might, but for his own fault, have been of infinite use to him in future life. From Harrow he went to Caius College, Cambridge, where, after his proper standing, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. When he quitted the university, he made the tour of Europe; in the course of which he conceived such a detestation for deipotism, as confirmed him still more in those whig principles which he had from his infancy imbibed.

On his return to England he became early acquainted with Dryden, Wycherly, Congreve, and Southerne, whose conversation inspiring him with a passion for poetry, and a contempt for every attainment that had not something of the belles lettres, diverted him from the acquisition of any profitable art, or the exercise of any profession. This, to a man who had not an independent income, was undoubtedly a misfortune; however, his zeal for the Protestant succession having recommended him to the patronage of the Duke of Marlborough, that nobleman procured him a place in the Customs worth 120*l.* per year, which he enjoyed for some years, till, from profuseness and want of economy, he was reduced to the necessity of disposing of it to satisfy some very pressing demands. By the advice of Lord Halifax, however, he reserved to himself, in sale of it, an annuity for a term of years: which term he outlived, and was, in the decline of his life, reduced to extreme necessity.

Mr. Theo. Cibber relates an anecdote of him, which may be worth repeating, as it is not only highly characteristic of the man whose affairs we are now considering, but also a striking and melancholy instance among thousands of the distressful predicaments, into which men of genius and literary abilities are perhaps apter than any others to plunge themselves, by paying too slight an attention to the common concerns of life, and their own most important interests. After that he was worn out (says the author) with age and poverty, he resided within the verge of the court, to prevent danger from his creditors. On Saturday night he happened to saunter to a public house, which in a short time he discovered to be without the verge. He was sitting in a drinking-room, when a man of a suspicious appearance happened to come in. There was something about the man which denoted to Mr. Dennis that he was a bailiff. This struck him with a panic; he was afraid his liberty was at an end, he sat in the utmost solicitude, but durst not offer to stir lest he should be seized upon. After an hour or two had passed in this painful anxiety, at last the clock struck twelve when Mr. Dennis, in an ecstasy, cried out, addressing himself to the suspected person, "Now, Sir, bailiff or no bailiff, I don't care a farthing for you; you have no power now." The man was astonished at his behaviour; and when it was explained to him, was so much affronted with the suspicion, that had not Mr. Dennis found his protection in age, he would probably have smarted for his mistaken opinion. A strong picture of the effects of fear and apprehension, in a temper naturally so timorous and jealous as Mr. Dennis's, of which the following is still a more whimsical instance. In 1704, came out his favourite tragedy "Liberty Asserted," in which were so many strokes on the French nation, that he thought they were never to be forgiven. He had worked himself into a persuasion, that the King of France would insist on his being delivered up before he would consent to a peace; and full of his own importance, when the congress was held at Utrecht, he is said to have waited on his patron the duke of Marlborough, to desire that no such article might be stipulated. The Duke told him he had really no interest then with the ministry; but had made no such provision for his own security, though he



could not help thinking he had done the French as much injury as Mr. Dennis himself. Another story relating to this affair is, that, being at a gentleman's house on the coast of Sussex, and walking one day on the sea-shore, he saw a ship sailing, as he fancied, towards him; he instantly set out for London, in the fancy that he was betrayed; and congratulating himself on his escape, gave out that his friend had decoyed him down to his house, to surrender him up to the French.

Mr. Dennis, partly through a natural peevishness and petulance of temper, and partly perhaps for the sake of procuring the means of subsistence, was continually engaged in a paper war with his contemporaries, whom he ever treated with the utmost severity; and though many of his observations were judicious, yet he usually conveyed them in language so very scurrilous and abusive, as destroyed their intended effect; and as his attacks were almost always on persons of superior abilities to himself; viz. Addison, Steele, and Pope, their replies usually turned the popular opinion so greatly against him, that by irritating his testy temper the more, it rendered him a perpetual torment to himself; till at length, after a long life of vicissitudes, disappointments, and turmoils, rendered wretched by indiscretion, and hateful by malevolence; having outlived the reversion of his estate, and reduced to distress, from which his having been daily creating enemies had left him scarcely any hopes of relief, he was compelled to what must be the most irksome situation that can be conceived in human life, the receiving obligations from those whom he had been continually treating ill. In the very close of his days, a play was acted for his benefit at the little Theatre in the Haymarket, procured through the united interests of Messrs. Thomson, Mallet, and Pope; the last of whom, notwithstanding the gross manner in which Mr. Dennis had on many occasions used him, and the long warfare that had subsisted between them, interested himself very warmly for him; and even wrote an occasional prologue to the play, which was spoken by Mr. Cibber. Not long after this; viz. on the 6th of June, 1733, he died, being in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

### Rise and Progress of Chemical Science.

No. VI.

Contemporary with Priestley, flourished that illustrious votary of chemical science—the ill-fated Lavoisier, who reformed the chemical nomenclature, which before that time was in a most confused state. His chief discoveries and contributions to the science of chemistry, consists in his proving that what had been called *fixed air*, consists of oxygen and carbon; and by demonstrating the similarity of the results of the combustion of the diamond and charcoal, he showed the probability of the identity of those two apparently dissimilar bodies. He ascertained the exact proportion of the constituents of the atmosphere, and he was the founder of the theories of combustion and of acidity, which were generally adopted until some later discoveries shewed their insufficiency and partial incorrectness.

Fourcroy also lived at the same period, and though the high reputation which this chemist attained, depended chiefly on his brilliant talents as a public lecturer, he must also be mentioned amongst the discoverers of interesting facts in this science. Cavendish had shewn, that the combustion of hydrogen gas produced water; but the water obtained by his process was always more or less mingled with nitric acid, which furnished the op-

posers of the theory of Cavendish with an objection that they thought decisive. Fourcroy obtained pure water, by operating in a slower manner, and he shewed that the acid resulted from some particles of azote, (always mingled with the oxygen,) which burns with the hydrogen, when the combustion is too rapid. He also discovered several compounds which detonate by simple percussion, all of which are composed of oxygenated muriatic acid, (according to the older nomenclature,) and some combustible body.

Profiting by the discoveries of Priestley, in respect to the gases, Fourcroy was enabled to give new precision and exactness to the analysis of mineral waters. He was engaged in experiments with platinum, at the same time with Mr. Tennant and Dr. Wollaston, and made some discoveries which were common to them. He was especially skilful in the analysis of metals, and when the property of the churches in France was destroyed at the Revolution, he shewed how the copper of the bells might be separated from the tin; and thus an alloy, of use only for the specific purpose to which it had been applied, was rendered profitable to artisans. He was also the founder of the modern and improved mode of analyzing vegetable substances, and was one of the first who discovered in them the existence of albumen; and pointed out how useful chemistry might be to politicians, by shewing the relative nutritive properties of different vegetables. His application of chemical analysis to animal matters, was not less exact and important, by the results to which it conducted; this was especially the case in regard to the more accurate knowledge of the composition of urinary calculi. One of the most curious facts which he discovered, was presented to him in 1786, at the burial-ground *des Innocens*, at Paris. The French government having resolved to suppress this source of infection, which, for many ages, received the bodies from the most closely peopled part of the capital, ordered, not only that no burials should henceforth be permitted there, but that the bodies already deposited there should be transferred elsewhere. On proceeding to effect this removal, a great part of the bodies was found transformed into a white, fatty, and combustible substance, similar, in its essential properties, to *spermaceti*. A thorough investigation of the circumstances, and the comparison of some analogous facts, shewed that this change takes place in all animal matters, preserved from the contact of the air, in damp places. This discovery has already been taken advantage of by artificially converting animal matters not adapted for food, into a substance fit for excellent candles.

At a somewhat later period flourished Morveau, the great purifier of hospitals, ships, and prisons; Chaptal, the promoter and the historian of the arts in France; Tennant, the discoverer of the true nature of diamond; Wedgwood, the inventor and manufacturer of English porcelain; Dr. Franklin, the discoverer of the identity of lightning with the electric fluid; and Dr. Watson, the friend of science, and the historian of the arts in England.

Chemistry was now in a rapidly improving condition. Throughout Britain and the continent of Europe, this science was studied with avidity by numberless votaries, who were every day starting into existence. In France, the revolution spurred thousands on to chemical enterprise; and the energies of that nation were amply remunerated by plentiful stores of sugar from beet-root; of saltpetre from common dung-hills; by the culture of woad, and by the produce and manufacture of almost every article of luxury and necessity, with which they were formerly supplied from tropical colonies.

The French, and other chemists of the present period are so numerous, and

their number is daily so much on the increase, that our limits are too small even for their names. Still we must find room for those of an Orfila, Cadet, Vauquelin, Parmentier, Berthollet, Guadet, Arago, Biot, Thenard, Caventou, and Gay Lussac; the elaborate analytical researches of every one of whom have tended so much to the advancement of natural science. In looking towards Russia, we cannot forget the name of Kirchoff, the converter of starch and other substances into sugar; nor when turning towards Sweden, that of Berzelius, the chemical meteor of the north, who has thrown so brilliant a light over the whole hemisphere of chemistry; or to Denmark, where Oersted has paved the way for determining the mysterious cause of the phenomena of magnetism. Volta, Galvani, and Morichini, in Italy, have made discoveries which endear their names to their fellow labourers in the field of philosophy; whilst Hare, Silliman, and others, in this country, have proved to Europeans, that when the tree of science is transplanted across the Atlantic, it is capable of taking as firm a root as in its native soil.

But it was reserved for the British chemist to make those researches which have tended, in the greatest degree, to promote the happiness and comfort of mankind. The energies given to the steam-engine, by Watt and Boulton, have created a great revolution in the quantity of manufactures produced, and of minerals dug from the bowels of the earth, in a given period of time. The illumination by gas-lamps, a principle invented in England, and brought into practice by Winsor, has given a new character there to streets and towns, which will soon be extended to those of the United States.

In enumerating the chemists of Britain we are equally limited. The names of Higgins, Henry, Murray, Thomson, Leslie, Brewster, Nicholson, Wollaston, Pepys, Children, Dalton, Kirwan, and the three Davys, are familiar to all; but it is by the truly fortunate discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy, President of the Royal Society, that the glory of this country for science has been chiefly upheld. This philosopher's decomposition of the alkalis and earths; and his discoveries of substances new to chemists, and to the rest of the world, by means of a subscription galvanic battery, have fixed on him the admiration of the public; whilst his construction of the safety-lamp, has thrown around him the halo of scientific philanthropy.

The establishment of the Royal Institution, and other chemical, mineralogical, and geological schools throughout Britain, has tended greatly to the diffusion of science; so much, indeed, are these institutions appreciated, that chemistry is now becoming a common branch of education. It is no longer considered merely in a medical point of view, nor restricted to some fruitless efforts on metals; it no longer attempts to impose on the credulity of the ignorant, nor affects to astonish the simplicity of the vulgar, by its wonders; but is content with explaining the phenomena of nature on the principles of sound philosophy. It has shaken off the opprobrium which had been thrown on it, from the unintelligible jargon of the alchemists, by revealing all its secrets, in a language as clear and as common as the nature of its subjects and operations will admit.

### THE DIVING BELL.

No. 2.

The signals made use of by the workmen are very simple: they consist in a smaller or greater number of strokes given with a hammer against the sides of the bell, according to the wishes of the workmen. These signals are easily heard on board, though no noise made above reaches the bell. We must remark, that there is a north and south end fixed to each bell, and which is always

attended to by those on board, so that they can be moved with accuracy whenever they want to work, either south, north, west, or east. The signals for the various operations are as follows:

1. Stroke, means more air, or pump strong.
2. Stand fast, which is implicable to all motions.
3. Hoist.
4. Lower.
5. More south.
6. North.
7. Front.
8. Back.
9. Lower down the bucket.
10. Hoist up the bucket loaded, and so on.

The men also send up a note of what they want upon a label, which is instantly attended to if practicable, or some intimation sent down to them that it cannot be done. This is effected by means of a cord, one end of which is in the bell, and the other upon deck. It is by the signals above described that the bell is moved from one place to another in search of stones. This is effected by raising the bell a few feet from the bottom, and then, by the aid of the moorings of the ship, the bell sweeps along in any desired direction. As soon as a large stone is discovered, a signal is made, the horizontal movement is stopped, and the bell lowered over the stone. If the bell be a little aside, the workmen can, by standing in the bottom of the sea, and pressing with their shoulders against the bell, make it swing a foot or two in any direction, as it is suspended from an outrigger, at some height from the vessel's deck.

The men at Howth are principally occupied in clearing the entrance to the harbour. They are paid by the ton weight for what they quarry and send up, viz. 6s. 6d. per ton for very hard rock, that has chiefly to be blasted with gunpowder; 5s. 5d. per ton for easier quarried rock; and 4s. per ton for detached stone, gravel, and mud. At this rate, they are able to earn on an average 20s. per week all the year round. Their tonnage of rock averages 3½ tons per day, and detached stone 5½ tons for four men.

The method of blowing up rocks by aid of the diving-bell, as practised in Ireland, is as follows. For an account of this process I am entirely indebted to Mr. Bald's kindness. Three men are employed in the bell; one holds the jumper or boring-iron, the other to strike alternately quick, smart strokes with hammers. When the hole is bored, of the requisite depth, a tin-cartridge, filled with gunpowder, about two inches diameter, and a foot in length, is inserted, and sand placed above it. To the top of the cartridge a tin-pipe is soldered, having a brass-screw at the upper end. The diving-bell is then raised up slowly, and additional tin-pipes with brass-screws are attached, till the pipes are about two feet above the surface of the water.

In the old practice, the tube was filled with powder as a train, and fired; but, in many instances, the heat melted the solder of the pipe, and the water entering extinguished the fire. The improved method is to leave the tube empty. The man who is to fire the charge is placed in a boat, close to the tube, and to the top of the tube a piece of cord is attached, which he holds in his left hand. Having in the boat a choffer with small bits of iron red-hot in it, he, with a pair of nippers, takes one of the bits of red-hot iron, and drops it down the tube, which instantly ignites the powder, and blows up the rock. A small part of the tube is destroyed next the cartridge; but the greater part, which is held by the chord, is reserved for future service. The workmen in the boat experience no shock by the explosion; the only effect is a violent eruptive ebullition of the water, arising from the explosion; but those who stand on the shore, and upon any part of the rocks connected with those which are blowing up, feel a very strong concussion, similar to the shock of



an earthquake. A certain depth of water is necessary for safety. Mr. Bald supposes at least twelve feet.

The workmen cannot go down and work when the sea is very rough, as the swell would prevent them from settling on the bottom; and they are frequently annoyed with what is termed a *ground-swell*, when it is quite still at top. This is a sure prelude of a breeze of eastern wind, which seldom fails to set in soon after, if it has not prevailed at the time on the other side of the channel. The best and easiest time for going down is at low water, when there is less pressure; but amateurs prefer going down at high-water, that they may have it to say that they were twenty or thirty feet below water in a diving-bell.

The workmen are generally down in the diving-bell five hours in the day, without coming up; and in summer, one set of men are down ten hours one day, and five hours the other, and so on alternately. They work at all seasons of the year, and do not feel much difference in the temperature. The water is more chilly in the winter; and when they come up into the atmospheric air, they feel it rather cold, after being heated by their exertions below. They do not complain in general of pains in the head, except those that are new hands, who are rather affected in that way, and about the ears; but this affection soon wears off.

They are in general rather relaxed in their bowels, which I suppose, is owing to their feet being constantly wet and cold. One of the men was very much affected with a bowel complaint this season, which increased as often as he went down. When Mr. Souter descends, he is generally afflicted with a looseness: he has a copious flow of urine, and his appetite is very much increased. He always finds it a good plan to take a little spirits on coming up. The time never seems long to him when below; and he has been several times seven hours under water, without ascending, and scarcely thought it half that time.

None of the men become deaf, and it may be thought that in some cases it would be a cure for that malady. They once had a man, as Mr. Souter informed me, that was rather affected in his breathing, but when he commenced *bell*ing, it completely cured him. The bellmen are in general very stout and healthy; their hard labour requires very good sustenance of three substantial meals in the day. Tea, bread, butter, eggs, bacon, potatoes, and fish, are their common diet. They are not particularly addicted to spirituous liquors. A little is very necessary for them, and it would require a great deal to affect them much.

#### Derivation of the Names of Months and Days.

*January* is the first month of the year among the western nations. It is derived from the Latin *Januarius*, a name given to the month by the Romans, from Janus, one of their divinities, to whom they attributed two faces, because on the one side the first of January looked towards the new year, and on the other, towards the old one. The word *Januarius* may also be derived from *Janua*, gate, in regard to the month being the first, which is, as it were, the gate of the year. It was introduced into the year by Numa Pompilius; Romulus's year beginning in the month of March. The Christians heretofore fasted on the first day of January, by way of opposition to the superstition of the Heathens, who, in honour of Janus, observed this day with feasting, dancing, masquerades, &c. Some are of opinion that Janus represented the sun, and that he is double-faced, because he opens the day when he rises, and shuts it when he sets. He is supposed to have been the first who invented

crowns, ships, and barges, and coined money of brass. He is represented with a staff of white thorn in one hand, and a key in the other; and is the most ancient of the Gods.

*February* is derived from *Februa*, an old Latin word; for from the very foundation of the city, we meet with *Februa*, for purification, and *Februaire*, to purge or purify.

*March* (the third month, according to our computation) was considered as the first, by some of the ancients, and by others, as the third, fourth, or fifth, and even the tenth month of the year. Romulus named it after his supposed father, Mars, and appointed it as the first month of the year.

*April* (in Latin *Aprilis*) is derived from *aperio*, I open; because the earth, in this month begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables.

*May*, the fifth month, was called *Maius* by Romulus, from respect to the senators and nobles of the city, who were called *Majores*; though others say, it was called from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, to whom they offered sacrifice in that month.

*June*, by the Romans called *Janius*, in honour of the Roman youth, who served Romulus in war; some derived the word *Janius* a *Junone*, from *Junio*.

*July* is the seventh month; the word is derived from the Latin *Julius*, the surname of J. Cæsar, the Dictator, who was born in this month. Marc Antony first gave this month the name of *July*, which was before called *Quintilis*, as being the fifth month in the year in the old Roman Calendar. For the same reason August was called *Sextilis*, and September, October, November, and December, still retain their original names.

*August*, in a general sense, implies something majestic, and the appellation was first conferred on Octavius by the Roman senate. Octavius, then named Augustus Cæsar, was in this month created consul: he had thrice triumphed in Rome, subdued Egypt to the Roman empire, and terminated the civil wars; on this account the month was dedicated to his honour, and is still called after his name.

*September*, from *Septimus*, the seventh month, reckoning from March, which was the first of the Ancients. The Roman senate would have given this month the name of *Tiberius*, but the Emperor opposed it. Under other Emperors it had other names: but at the present they are all disused.

*October* has still retained its name, notwithstanding all the names the senate and Roman Emperors would have given it; as *Faustinus*, *Invictus*, and *Domitianus*.

*November* derived its name from having been the ninth month in the old calendar of Romulus; but in the Julian year it is the eleventh month.

*December*, from *decem*, ten; it being assigned by Romulus as the tenth month in the year. It is now the last, wherein the sun enters the tropic of Capricorn, and makes the winter solstice.

Cluverius observes, that the Germans worshipped the sun with such devotion, that they seemed to acknowledge that planet a supreme god, and dedicated to it the first day of the week, or *Sunday*. *Monday* is the moon's day; so called from *mona* and day. *Tuisco* (the same with Mars) gave name to *Tuesday*; they also worshipped Woden or Godan, after whom the fourth day of the week was called *Wednesday*. It is said Godan, becoming afterwards contracted into God, the Germans and English gave that name to the Deity. They also worshipped the god *Faranes*, the same with the Danish *Thor*, the Thunderer Jupiter, from whom our *Thursday* has its name. The goddess *Freia*, or *Venus*, gave the name to *Friday*. *Saturday* has its name from the planet Saturn.

#### THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The Sun, placed in the centre of our system, is of such prodigious magnitude, that human reason is lost in wonder, when it labours to form an adequate idea of it. This luminous globe is 796,400 English miles in diameter, and consequently its circumference above 2,501,964 English miles; a number too great for the human understanding fully to comprehend. This amazing globe, from whence the whole system derives its light and heat, revolves about its own axis in about 25 days, and is at least a million of times greater than our earth. Astonishing magnitude! What power was necessary to form it! What hand sufficient to launch it through the fields of ether, and place it in the centre of our planetary system!

The nearest globe to this astonishing mass of luminous particles, is the planet Mercury, whose diameter is 2,460 miles, and its circumference 7,724. The distance between this planet and the Sun is 32,000,000 English miles. It performs its revolution round the Sun in 87 days, 23 hours, 16 minutes, though the circumference of its orbit is 201,024,000 miles; consequently it moves above 1,515 miles in a minute. Now, a cannon-ball moves only at the rate of 578 feet per second, and consequently little more than 394 miles per hour. So that the motion of Mercury in his orbit is about 320 times as swift as that of a cannon-ball.

The next globe to Mercury in the planetary choir is Venus, that brilliant star which is often the harbinger of day, and gives notice to a slumbering world, that the cheering rays of Aurora will soon paint the chambers of the east with glowing purple, and tip the craggy mountain's brow with liquid silver. This planet is 7,906 miles in diameter, and 24,825 in circumference; it is 59,000,000 miles distant from the Sun, revolves round its own axis in 23 hours, and finishes its revolution in 224 days, 16 hours, 49 minutes, and the circumference of its orbit is 370,636,000 miles; consequently this brilliant planet moves above 1,124 miles in a minute, which is above 180 times as fast as a cannon-ball.

The third object in this solar system is that of our Earth, the spot allotted for the habitation of mortals. It is about 7,964 miles in diameter, and 25,020 in circumference; its distance from the Sun is 81,000,000 miles, and the circumference of its orbit 508,939,200. It performs its revolution round its own axis in about 24 hours, and its tour round the Sun in about 365 days, 6 hours. Consequently the Earth's motion round its own axis is about 17 miles per minute, and in its annual path nearly 968; an amazing rapidity, more than 140 times as swift as a cannon-ball! And yet, astonishing to conceive, we are insensible of the least motion, and fancy that the Earth, together with the objects that decorate its surface, are absolutely at rest.

The first superior planet, or that whose orbit includes the orbit of the Earth, is Mars, whose diameter is 4,440 miles, and its circumference 13,960. It revolves round its axis in 1 day, and 40 minutes, and finishes its tour round the Sun in 686 days, 23 hours, 27 minutes, notwithstanding the circumference of its orbit is 773,686,000; consequently the motion of this planet is above 782 miles in a minute.

The next planet is that of Jupiter, and the largest in the whole system, except the Sun. Its diameter is 81,155 miles, and its circumference 254,908. Its distance from the Sun is 424,000,000 miles, and the circumference of the orbit 26,62,280,000. It performs its revolution round its axis in 9 hours, and 56 minutes, and its tour round the Sun is 4,332 days, 12 hours, 20 minutes. So that the velocity of this prodigious body is above 362 miles in a minute.

Saturn is the last planet in this system.

Its distance from the Sun is 777,000,000 miles, and the circumference of its orbit is 4,881,891,000. Its diameter is 67,870, its circumference 213,112, and performs its revolution round the Sun in 10,759 days, 6 hours, 36 minutes. Consequently the motion of this planet, though the slowest in the whole system, is above 326 miles in a minute, or above 50 times swifter than a cannon-ball.

We have founded the above observations on the most moderate calculations to be found in the writings of our modern astronomers; and have taken no notice either of the satellites or moons attending some of the planets; or of the comets which move in orbits amazingly eccentric, and whose enormous fiery tails fills the gazing spectator with awe and terror. And yet the little we have observed is more than sufficient to show, that this system is really astonishing, whether we consider the amazing magnitude of the several bodies of which it is composed, their prodigious velocity, or the inconceivable space it occupies; for the diameter of Saturn's orb is at least 1,554,000,000 of miles; a number of which the mind can form no conception, the idea being too great to be adequately comprehended by the utmost efforts of human perspicacity.

But if the grandeur of this system alone cannot be fully comprehended, how will the human mind be able to form a proper idea of the universe, where this system is but a point; and, were it annihilated, could not be missed by an eye capable of taking in the whole circle of creation. The *Britannic* catalogue contains above 3,000 fixed stars. Now, if these only are supposed to be suns, and furnished with planets moving round them, whose prodigious distance renders them invisible to us, what a grand idea must we form of the works of Omnipotence! But when we remember, that there are numberless stars far beyond the ken of mortals, too deeply immersed in ether for the lynx's eye to reach, or the magnifying power of the telescopic tube to render visible, the grandeur of the idea will be infinitely increased. Could we, like the rays of the morning, traverse the capacious fields of space, to the smallest fixed star, we should still find ourselves surrounded by the Deity; still unable to discover the limits of the universe. Other systems would crowd upon the sight, other suns would dart their brilliant rays, and other stars seem almost buried in the ethereal fluid.

**Portable Ice-House.**—Take an iron-bound butt, or puncheon, and knock out the head; then cut a very small hole in the bottom, about the size of a wine-cork. Place inside of it a wooden tube, shaped like a churn, resting it upon two pieces of wood, which are to raise it from touching the bottom. Fill the space round the inner tube with pounded charcoal, and fit to the tube a cover, with a convenient handle, having inside one or two small hooks, on which the bottles are to be hung, during the operation. Place on the lid a bag of pounded charcoal, about two feet square; and over all place another cover, which must cover the head of the outer cask. When the apparatus is thus prepared, let it be placed in a cold cellar, and buried in the earth above four-fifths of its height; but though cold, the cellar must be dry; wet ground will not answer, and a sandy soil is the best. Fill the inner tub, or nearly so, with pounded ice; or, if prepared in winter, with snow well pressed down, and the apparatus will be complete.—Whenever it is wished to make ices, take off the upper cover, then the sack or bag of pounded charcoal, and suspend the vessel containing the liquid to be frozen to the hooks inside of the inner cover—then close up the whole as before, for half an hour, when the operation will be complete, provided care be taken to exclude external air.



## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does no defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARON.

## Improved English System of Education.

Besides the systems of mutual instruction invented and promulgated by Lancaster and Bell, and which serve for the cheap instruction of the children of the poor, another system has been invented, and generally adopted, within the last twenty years, throughout the British Empire, for the instruction of children belonging to the middling and upper classes. For the introduction and perfection of this latter system, the world is indebted to the perseverance of Sir Richard Phillips; who, in the year 1798, for the purpose of rendering it practical, undertook the publication of a series of elementary books, the plan of which is identified with his legitimate principle of conveying instruction.

He calls it the Interrogative System, and, as distinguished from the desultory systems in general use, also confers on it the title of the Thinking, or Intellectual System. He assumes no originality of discovery, but merely claims a new and extended application of an old and recognised principle in education. For example, ever since arithmetic has been taught in schools, the method has been first to develop a rule, and then require the pupil to work problems in subserviency to that rule. It would obviously, he says, be absurd, to pretend to perfect a young person in arithmetic by merely directing him to commit the rules of memory, and then assuming that he had become a proficient. The more rational plan has been to require the pupil to learn the rule, and then to exercise him on its sense and application by a variety of questions; in preparing the answer, to which, he is obliged to think for himself, and to work, as to speak, in the science of which it is proposed he should acquire a practical knowledge. By these means, arithmetic has always been taught with success, and few persons have learned this science at school, who, in consequence of the practical method of teaching it, are not better acquainted with its elements than with any other parts of their school learning.

The improvement, therefore, which Sir Richard Phillips has made, has been to extend the same principle to various branches of knowledge; and indeed, to all the subjects of liberal education which it is customary or desirable to introduce into schools of either sex. With this view he has produced a series of elementary books, by which the pupil is enabled to work at the subject of study, just as in arithmetic. He has effected his purpose by means so simple and unassuming, as to create no feeling of surprise; nevertheless, they are such as completely effect the design, by a happy combination of the several parts to the end. Thus he has produced very superior text-books in Natural Philosophy, History, Geography, Classical Literature, &c. &c.; and, in some cases, he has adopted standard works for text-books, as the Old and New Testament, Gifford's abridgment of Blackstone, Robinson's History's English Grammar, &c. &c. adapting to each his own working or practical system.

The system itself consists of Miscellaneous Questions, Exercises, and Experiments, referring to different passages in the text-books, sometimes simple or applicable to a single fact, and at other times complicated and applicable to various facts and principles scattered throughout the text-book. This series of mingled questions generally extends to about five hundred in number; and the pupil is required, as a private exercise, to furnish an answer to each question in his own phraseology. The questions are purposely mingled, and are not in the

order of the text, with a view to compel the young student to turn over and examine every part of the text-book; with which, it is presumed, he must and will become familiar, long before he has answered the whole of the five hundred questions. A thorough acquaintance with the text-book is, of course, simultaneously accompanied by a familiar acquaintance with the science treated of in the text-book; while the constant exercise of writing the answers to the questions, necessarily improves the pupil in the important arts and practice of Spelling, Grammar, Thinking, and Composition.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE PARTING.

It was on the morning of a cheerless day in December, that Charles was to depart from his home, and to sail, in search of wealth, across the sea. He was constitutionally grave, and seldom gave himself up to the impulse of gaiety; but on this occasion he appeared to be cast down beyond his usual despondency, and to feel the malignity of fate with terrible force. Formed to love and be loved, to enjoy in the relations of social life a degree of high wrought felicity, he felt in this separation from his home, from his friends, from his love, an agony of sorrow. He was of such a delicate temperament as to shrink from collision with anything that lives; he was happy only in a circle of fostering friends, and not always happy even then. But in the prospect before him he saw no beam of pleasure; no light to guide his pilgrim footsteps by! It was all gloom; it was all cold, it was all horrible to the drooping Charles, who shrunk from the future as the delicate leaves of the sensitive plant shrink from the touch.

But time vanished apace, and Charles must leave. He kissed his mother, and the tears rushed to his eyes as he uttered "adieu!" She gave him her blessing, and sought refuge from the pain of parting in the solitude of her chamber. He kissed his sister; she who had played with him in childhood, who had grown up to a woman with him! "I may die, Sarah," said he, "and be buried in the caverns of the deep. Think often, my dear, on the absent Charles!" "Good-bye!" she said—She could utter no more, but audibly sobbed. He had no father nor brothers to leave; his mother and his sister were all of his kindred, and to separate from these was like the stroke of death! But he must go, and—he is gone! The sister calls, to bid "good-bye" again, but Charles, in an ecstasy of grief, has hurried away. She weeps, she moans, but—he is gone!

Yet there was one to whom Charles must still exclaim "farewell!" He saw the boat waiting for him, and he had but a minute for his beloved Eliza. "Will you not think of me—will you not pray for me Eliza, when I am far away?" He imprinted a kiss on the cheek of the blue-eyed maid. "Will you not sigh in the absence of one who has loved you so much? Will you not weep when you hear the noise of the thunder, and think of the dangers which surround him? I may never come back, Eliza, and it may be," said he, "wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, "it may be that the fishes will feed upon my frame." She wept in silence; he gave a parting kiss, "pray for me, my love," he said, and rushed from the place.

Eliza wept without restraint when she found that he was gone. "He may never come back," she cried, "he may never come back!" She felt that his absence took from her all that she loved, and "left her young heart lone and desolate!" The thought of his sweetness and fondness for her; she thought of his candid and honourable mind. She brought before her "mind's eye" his elegant portrait, his ani-

imated eye, and his high and marble forehead, and as she thought of all these things, she uttered in a frenzy of sorrow, "he is gone for ever!"

Mean time Charles was sailing on the deep, and was soon "far, far at sea!" the land of his nativity, the home of his childhood, had faded from his sight, and he saw nothing but "the waters blue" of the boundless main. He mused on his distant friends, from whom he was each minute still farther receding, and he could do nothing but weep. The seaman, accustomed to a desultory life, and ignorant of the tender ties which bind the feeling heart, laughed at what they deemed the ridiculous grief of Charles. But still he wept; his tears flowed down his cheek!

One evening the sky was obscured by the darkest clouds, and the winds of the north sighed over the water. The billows became boisterous, and the bark, in which was the ill-fated Charles, was tossed on high, and dashed from wave to wave. The rain fell as if all the waters above had been poured on the deck. Soon the ocean raged with terrible violence and—the Rosalie went down to rise no more! The unhappy Charles sunk with the bark, and after the struggles of nature were over, he ceased to live! The only requiem that was heard, was the whistle of the winds, and the dash of the waves. His tomb was the caves of ocean, or—too horrible is the thought—the stomach of the grampus. "Are we not here to-day?" said my uncle Toby, and, dropping his hat, "are we not gone in an instant?" We are.—Existence is a bubble! Some men live till the decay of their bodies; some are hurried from life in the bloom of their faculties, both corporal and mental. I could have wished that Charles so noble, so amiable, so endearing, had survived for his friends! But why repine? His bubble has burst and—he is gone for ever!

And where is his mother, his sister, his love? They survive the being they adored, but they survive only to suffer. The bereavement of a creature like Charles was too terrible to be forgotten; they will never forget it! But the grave will ere long open its friendly and hospitable bosom, and they will join the spirit of their darling Charles.

VALENTINE.

## LES MODES, 1824.

*Bisextile or Leap year.*—The year which has just opened is *Leap year*. According to an ancient and very meritorious custom, the Ladies have the privilege of courting the gentlemen throughout the whole twelve months to come. This is a custom which we approve very much, as it will give an opportunity to many disconsolate Amandas of declaring attachments which, perhaps, for years have been preying in secrecy and silence on their "damask cheeks."—And, still better do we like it on account of those interesting misses who are far from their teens that it would require Herschell's telescope to descry them, and who have for years been lavishing their heart's love on cats, lap-dogs, and parrots, and railing at cruel man. Now, this winter will not be that of "their discontent;" now, they who have never been wooed, may woo; now they who have never received man's vows, may offer their vows to man. What a happy time it will be! "Redeunt Saturnia regna." Now, they who for months and years have sat, and spectatrices, in the gay ball-room, motionless as

"Some mute, marble habitant  
Of the still Halls of Ithomia,"

and who have left the gay throng so often without complaining of fatigue in dancing, may make amends for all the past. Now, dames of all degree, young and old, fair and ugly, witty and stupid, gay and grave, honey-tempered and pickle-tempered, may obtain partners for the dance and partners for life. Already we can fancy the gay scene; we can see the

blithe maiden leading the blushing youth to Hymen's altar; we can see the unnumbered throng crowding through the vestibule to bow before his throne.

It is to be presumed that the gentlemen will be highly gratified with this new order of things, and it is to be expected that they will instantly further its accomplishment. It is incumbent on them to be prepared for receiving calls, to be helped into their carriages, to be ushered into the ball-room, to pour out tea, and to play on the piano. It is also submitted to the ladies whether they ought not, under this *régime moderne*, to carry rattans, to drive tandem, to take lessons in boxing and fencing, and to learn the art of polite swearing.

It is further more required that Messrs. C—, D—, and the rest of our hop-merchants take proper measures in their respective ball-rooms that no gentleman for the ensuing year be allowed, on any consideration, to ask a lady to be his partner, but that the ladies shall ask of them the honour of their hands, and that when the fiddle strikes up, each gentleman shall courtesy and each lady shall bow.

All these we respectfully submit as alterations and amendments to the constitution of Fashion.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 40. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Duke of Milan; a Tale of the Drama.* By Mrs. Macaulay.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Sketches of British India* No. II.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of David Mallet.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Figure of the Earth: Leap Year, and New Style. Advantages of Silk Waistcoats. Curiosities for the Ingenious.* No. I. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.

LITERATURE.—*Dr. Van Ransselaer on the American Salines.*

POETRY.—*The revolving year; and Greece.* By Myrene; with other pieces.

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The "Parody on Loch Gyle" is inadmissible. We shall never willingly injure the feelings of any sect, however singular their religious practices may appear.

The only part which "J. L." had in the beautiful lines, entitled "Sweet Ellen," published in our 37th number, and which were sent us as original, was in copying them from "The Nightingale," or Musical Companion, published at Albany in 1818. Such miserable attempts at "hoaxing Editors," now become so common, may be thought very witty by those who practice them; but they neither bespeak the scholar nor the gentleman.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

An application will be made to the next legislature, for an act of incorporation, for the purpose of supplying this city and its vicinity with coal.

A canal is about to be constructed from Fort Edward to Fort Miller, so as to avoid the inconvenience tending the passage from Fort Edward to the Saratoga level.

A Museum and Mining School is established by the Columbian Congress at Bogota, with Professorships of Anatomy, Oratory, Mathematics, and Astronomy.

A deer perfectly white was lately shot on the Fort Mountain, near Shenandoah Virginia.

## MARRIED.

William Corser to Caroline Hyde.  
James G. Ford to Rebecca Corser.  
William Banks Esq. to Isabella Lenox.  
George S. Watkinson to Elizabeth Wragg.

## DIED.

Capt. Thomas Hassam, aged 65 years.  
Lemuel E. Clark, aged 38 years.  
Maria Heins, aged 36 years.  
William Elsworth, aged 91 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

## ADDRESS

## THE PATRONS OF THE MINERVA.

January 1st 1824.

When late 'twas summer, then the sun,  
While earth and heaven with beauty shone,  
Shed lustre and effulgence round,  
The azure sky and flowery ground,  
So soft the smile of nature spoke,  
The spell of mortal care it broke.  
Day, gloriously retiring, fled,  
(When o'er the western hills he sped.)  
'Neath arch on arch, a vista bright,  
One long array of hues of light.  
Then, mildly with a peerless smile,  
In the dark heaven, a golden isle,  
The moon shone o'er the world below,  
And lovers blessed her gentle glow.  
Not only o'er the silent scene,  
Her mellow twilight fell serene,  
But on the tranquil spirit wrought,  
Till hours of still and tender thought,  
A deep and calm enjoyment, stole  
Along the imaginative soul.

Then did our sin-stained planet seem  
Clothed in the moonlight's mantling gleam,  
Like penitent that just forgiven  
Wears the white livery of heaven,  
Smiling beneath that holy dress,  
In meek and fervent thankfulness;  
Now seemeth she, a Niobe,  
In stricken sorrow motionless:  
For polar winter rules the plain;  
Stern is his desolating reign;  
He folds the zone in clouds that roll,  
Filled with the terrors of the Pole.  
Hid from the eye of heaven, beneath,  
Secure he plies the work of death.  
The flowers have gone, and verdure passed;  
The oak of ages feels the blast;  
No low-voiced waters, murmuring, flow,  
No scented breezes, whispering, blow;  
The loud wind hath a wrathful tone;  
The frost-chain o'er the wave is thrown;  
The snow and sleet tempestuous pour;  
The thundering billow shakes the shore;  
And when the sunbeam, faint and pale,  
Falls dubious through a misty veil,  
'Tis sunshine, but, without its charm;  
It lights the scene it cannot warm.

So angels in their heavenly bowers,  
May mourn our wretchedness and pain;  
But their pure pity glows in vain  
In that high sphere, and warms not ours.  
Dread Winter! sweeping bleak and bare  
O'er all once blooming, verdant, fair,  
While round thee storms and tempests, roaring,  
Usurp the sky and blast the soil,  
(As from the North, barbarians pouring,  
Made soft Italian climes their spoil!)  
Long will thy hoar, horrors dire,  
In ruin fierce around us tread;  
Yet vainly nature's sweets expire,  
In vain thy withering rule shall spread.  
The heart, the heart, rests not alone,  
For joy upon the season's prime:  
It has deep fountains, all its own,  
Unchanged by every chance and time.  
The social joys—who speaks the word,  
Nor feels his spirit heavenward flying,  
Seems from our common earth transfer'd,  
To some new world of bliss undying?

The social joys!—O who can tell  
How many dear ideas dwell  
Couched in those spell-words, from the free,  
Gay smile of reckless jollity,  
When, brighter than the amethyst,  
A liquid fire of purple hue,  
And sweeter than the odorous mist  
Flowers exhale, resolved to dw,  
The grape's nectarous juice is sparkling,  
And kindling sprightly wit and song,  
Till care deserts the jovial throng,  
And hides, with lonely sorrow darkling;  
To mild affection's trusting glance,  
When o'er each loved brow's smooth expanse,  
For ever rests a frownless stillness,  
The statue's calm, without its chillness?

Count o'er the fairest hours ye knew  
In life's long course, and ye will find  
The happiest by the fire-side flew,  
In interchange of heart and mind.  
'Tis sweet to brave the wintry blast  
To reach the blazing hearth at home;  
Like ray from distant hamlet cast,  
It cheers the wanderer through the gloom.  
And there 'tis bliss with friends to meet,  
The welcome there sounds doubly sweet!

The halls, where 'mid a splendid flood  
Of softest light, a sportive crowd,  
As high the notes of music ring,  
Through graceful mazes gayly spring;  
While forms of beauty half divine  
In the attender radiance shine,  
Like groups of flowers at rosy dawn,  
Ere yet the night is quite withdrawn:  
The proud saloons the vain display,  
(Like cabinets of rich inlay  
Employed rare Moths bedropped with gold,  
And Birds of Paradise to hold;  
Things heartless, brainless, altogether,  
But much esteemed for tint and feather;)—  
The fleet sleigh with its merry peal;  
The skater swift with gliding heel,  
Who o'er the icy mirror darts,  
As arrow from the bow string parts,  
Or rushing falcon in his flight,  
And feels the winged bird's delight;  
And these apart—at even-tide,  
Those happy, sacred hours that glide  
Along a tender parent's breast,  
With fondest hopes endearing blest,  
When round his youthful troop unite,  
To con their tasks, or frolic light;  
And when the wind moans shrill and drear,  
A mournful cadence to the ear,  
That time, when by the taper's ray  
We muse the lonely hours away;  
And slowly ponder o'er the past,  
With serious thought, that backward cast,  
Pensive, but not repining, weighs  
The good and ill that life displays,  
And learns with pitying warmth to glow  
For human weakness, human woe.  
These, Winter! these are thine! and more  
Than this light verse can number o'er!

And happy may the NEW YEAR be;  
Patron and friend! to thine and thee!  
Though wrapped in storms and clouds it rise,  
And dawn on us from darkened skies!

For the Minerva.

## TO MY SEGAR.

Oft have I felt thy soothing pow'r,  
Loved partner of the leisure hour,  
Old Galen's bitter foe;  
When fortune smiles, to thee I fly,  
And when she frowns, on thee rely,  
To blunt the barb of woe.

How oft our club in sportive chat  
At "163" have sat,  
Envelop'd in thy smoke,  
And laugh'd the evening hour away,  
And moisten'd well our mortal clay,  
And cut the merry joke.

And there sometimes, (in faith 'tis true!  
Although we're deem'd a jolly crew.)  
We've lengthen'd out our phizzes;  
While round his savor'y columns curl'd,  
We've mused upon this vap'ring world,  
Where quizzers smoke the quizzes.

We look abroad—oh! what a set  
Of earth's vain lerdlings there are met  
In puffing, fuming labour:  
One mighty rule we note around—  
The sharper smokes, wherever found,  
His weaker, witless neighbour.

But soon 'tis o'er—on cot and crown,  
On grave and gay, on wit and clown,  
Death's smoky doom is past:  
Thou, little friend, art type of all  
Like thine, their ashes soon must fall,  
With thine, go out at last. DARRY.

For the Minerva.

## TO MESSRS B.

I long to claim for aye, those breathing charms,  
And call the dearest maid my own,  
To clasp thee blushing in those longing arms,  
And bless the hour that made thee mine alone.

E'er thy bright face, with more than influence shed,  
Did wound this bosom and its calm repose,  
No love-sick dreams did haunt me on my bed,  
Nor lovers quarrels upon my mind arose.

'Tis in thy power passion's chain to break,  
And wound my bosom with more anxious care:  
Alas! what effort can my reason make,  
When reason, too, confirms my choice is fair?  
Shall I forget the tender strains of love,  
Which from thy lips fell on my ravish'd ear?  
Or must I die of unrequited love,  
And take one timid glance and drop the farewell  
tear? H.

For the Minerva.

"Lo, the mighty conqueror comes,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums." OLD SONG.

Descend, O Muse! has been the cry of all  
Our city bards, from great e'en to the small;  
"Come down from thy Parnassian bower."  
Descend, ye Nine! the mountains lofty top,  
We pray thee now in Gotham town to stop,  
And o'er us shed thy heav'nly pow'r.

The Muse in pity bids our terrors die,  
Hath dried away our tear and check'd our sigh,  
And sent her "faithful Ariel" here,  
Well stored with cargoes of Poetic light,  
To put all Della Cruscan bards to flight,  
And Po'sy's purest fane then rear.

As Sol, in brightest majesty of light,  
Dispels the gloomy mantle of the night,  
And gladdens with his vernal rays;  
Thus will our cloud of Plagiarists be driven  
Back to their native shade intent of heaven,  
By "Ariel's" chastely classic lays.

With bolus formed of paper, ink, and quills,  
Or Doctor Samuel Lee's famed bilious pills  
For all complaints a speedy cure,  
May Ariel's lofty pow'rs and mighty mind  
On earth, nor ease, nor pleasure, seek to find,  
Until he's killed or render'd pure,  
The train of scribbling bards that crown our town,  
And knock both common sense and reason down.

TEASLER &amp; CO.

## Epigrams

## Issue Joined.

"Ay, Honesty's a Jewel," Richard cried  
That shines the clearer still, the more 'tis tried."  
"True, Dick," quoth Jeremy—"yourself may skew it,  
Your Honesty's so clear—we all see through it."

## The Innocent Theft.

You tell us Doctor, 'tis a sin to steal!  
We to your practice from your text appeal!  
You steal a sermon, steal a sap; and, pray,  
From dull companions don't you steal away?

## A Flattering Opinion.

An Artist, who rated his skill rather high,  
Was thus to a brother revealing  
His future intentions respecting the sky,  
Which embellish'd his drawing-room ceiling.  
'This plan I have thought of, and now mean to try.  
This is far the best method, now isn't it?  
To whitewash it first, let it carefully dry,  
And then, at my leisure, to paint it."

"Why, sir," said the other, (and nearly had burst  
In his face in a loud fit of laughter.)  
"I think I should set about painting it first,  
And then, you know, whitewash it after!"

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

## Answers to Puzzles &amp;c. in our last.

PUZZLE I.—It is forage (for age.)  
PUZZLE II.—Because they are *Fee-led*!  
PUZZLE III.—Because they are *Pil-led*!  
PUZZLE IV.—Because they are *Sty-led*!  
PUZZLE V.—Because they are *Grove-led*!

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.  
Why was the love of Ahasuerus like an inhabitant of a forest?

II.  
Why is a single peach like money gained at cards?

III.  
Why is a tooth-ach like a window sash?

IV.  
Why is the sun setting like a book?

## CHRONOLOGY.

## The Christian Era.

- 1812 Lord Wellington defeats the French, under Marmont, near Salamanca, June 28.  
— Battle of Mojaik, in which the victory is claimed both by the French and Russians, August 16.  
— A great and sanguinary battle fought at Berodino, between the French and Russians, in which the victory is claimed by both sides, September 7.  
— The French enter Moscow, September 14, which, in order to prevent their keeping possession of it, was burnt by the Russians. It is evacuated, October 19, when the French begin their disastrous route. Moscow is re-occupied by the Russians, October 22.  
— Bonaparte, after leaving his army at Smirgony, 25 November, arrives in Paris on the 18th December.  
— The French defeated at the passage of the Berezina, November 28, and Wilna taken by the Russians, December 10.  
— Thirty thousand Prussians under General York, join the Russian army, December 30.  
1813 The conservative senate of France agree to place 350,000 men at the disposal of the minister of war, January 11.  
— The Spanish Cortes abolish the inquisition, 22d January, and the Pope's Nuncio in Spain issued an ecclesiastical order forbidding the publication of that decree, March 5.  
— Treaty between Russia and Sweden for the purpose of securing reciprocally their possessions against France, March 3, treaty of concert and subsidies between Great Britain and Sweden concluded on the same day.  
— The Swedes publish their manifesto against France, March 6. Wittgenstein the Russian General calls by proclamation on the Germans to join him, March 16. The Prussians declare war against France, March 27.  
— Bonaparte declares his wife to be provisionally Empress Regent, April 1, leaves Paris for his armies on the 15th, and arrives at Mayence in two days thereafter.  
— The Russians defeat the French at Lutzenburgh under Morand, who is slain April 2.  
— Sir John Murray defeats the French under Suchet, at Castello, in Spain, April 13.  
— Thorn surrenders to the Russians, April 16, and Spandau on the 18th.  
— Battle of Lutens, in which the victory is claimed both by the French and Allies, the loss supposed to be about 15,000 on each side. The Allies are immediately after obliged to retreat and cross the Elbe, 1st and 2d May.  
— The French army enters Dresden, which the month before had been the head quarters of the Russians, May 10.  
— On the 19th 20th and 21st May, dreadful battles were fought between the French and Allies, at and near the village of Bautzen, where the loss was supposed to have been nearly 20,000 men on each side. The Allies obliged to retreat.  
— An armistice agreed upon between Bonaparte and the Allies, 28th May, not to expire till 26th July, unless after six days notice. The armistice further adjusted June 4, when the French occupy all Saxony; the Allies all Prussia.  
— The French defeated with great slaughter by the British and Spaniards, under Lord Wellington, at Arganzon, 21st June, when the loss of the Allies was estimated at 5000; of the French at 20,000 men. All the French artillery, military chest, 415 waggon, &c. taken.  
— King Joseph enters France with the remnant of his army, June 26.  
— Marshal Soult having been sent to command the French armies on the Spanish frontier, issues a vaunting proclamation 23d July; but after a series of battles from the 28th to 30th following is driven back to France.  
— An act of parliament passed, renewing the East India Company's charter, in which there was a provision for permitting missionaries to reside in India, July 21.  
— Hostilities commenced between the French and Allies, August 17.  
— Bonaparte in person attacks the Allied army on the Bober, under Blucher, and compels it to retire, August 21 and 22.  
— Bonaparte returns to Dresden, leaving M' Donald to cope with Blucher, who defeats the French with the loss of 15,000 men and 100 pieces of cannon, August 25.  
— The battle of Dresden, when the Allies were repulsed, and Moreau mortally wounded.

## EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,

And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

123 Broadway, New-York,

At Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year; and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers

J. SAVINGS, printer, 49 John-street.